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WHOLE NUMBER 2092

GOOD START FOR  
W.S.S. CAMPAIGNMICHIGAN BEGINS TO RETRIEVE  
ITS ONE FALL-DOWN IN  
1918 WAR DRIVE.

## LEADS BIG CENTRAL STATES

Thrift This Year's Slogan—Passing  
of Liquor Likely to  
Help Sales.

An opportunity for Michigan to retrieve its one 1918 war-campaign failure—the War Savings Stamp Drive—is opening with the renewed sale of stamps under a new organization and entirely different methods of procedure. Last year, while Nebraska, Iowa and other states were fairly "whooping" it over the top, Michigan lagged away down in the list among pledges taken; and if officials were minded to tell how many of those pledges were afterward found uncollectible, there would be still less for the state to be proud of.

It couldn't have been that the state was niggardly or unpatriotic—other drives were highly successful. But some way or another the campaign never caught hold on the state.

This year, without forgetting that the purchase of stamps is as patriotic as ever, the Michigan committee intends to talk also the sound sense and substantial business of War Savings Stamps until the idea of Thrift reaches every household in the state. Its campaign will last, not weeks, or months, but the whole year. It isn't a drive but an education.

Luman W. Goodenough, the new state chairman, proposes a dignified, constructive campaign. Mr. Goodenough is a well-known Detroit attorney.

The new year starts promisingly in January Michigan sold more stamps than any central state but Illinois. It leads Indiana, Wisconsin and Iowa by a very nice margin.

Hence, the campaign will be directed toward, not only selling a great amount of stamps, but a great number of them. A sale of stamps to 299,000 homes would be considered twice as great a victory as a distribution to 100,000 even though the sum total of sales in dollars might be the same.

Thriftless Days Abolished.

Along with the abolition of meatless, wheatless and lightless days, this committee proposes the utter annihilation and extinction of Thriftless Days.

The committee will be glad, thank you, to sell \$1,000 in stamps, the limit, to anyone.

But if he wants to get a real distinguished service mention, the purchaser must make a little pledge that the \$1,000 purchase will be the result of a conscious economy on his part, and an actual \$1,000 saving.

The campaign, then, will differ from the old drive much as a political battle might from a school education. By the end of the year, it is hoped that the public will have reasoned itself into the idea of saving day by day some of the two-bit pieces that it has been in the custom of regarding as simply loose change.

The committee intends also to talk the extraordinary merits of its particular brand of goods. Did you ever know that the interest on your Savings Stamp certificate is compounded four times annually? No other security piles up accumulating interest like that. The actual yield is practically 5 per cent—and this interest, mind you, paid in advance. Another thing: if you register your stamps at any postoffice, and later lose them in any way whatsoever, the postoffice where you registered them will give you new ones. The stamps are so good that no man can hold more than \$1,000 of them—a good reason for the little fellow to take his limit.

## Make It Permanent.

There is every prospect that the government will continue some sort of thrift stamp sale indefinitely. There is talk already of allowing stampholders to convert their holdings into some sort of a desirable long-term government security, if they wish. The passing of intoxicants is looked upon as certain to release hundreds of thousands of small coins to thrifty investment.

Luman Goodenough, a Detroit attorney of wide acquaintance, who has been interested in practically every civic movement there for years, is the new state chairman of the committee. New headquarters are 32-34 Griswold street, Detroit. Mr. Goodenough already has been assured the cooperation and aid of many of the most substantial business men in the state, and they will form the nucleus of his county organizations.

## Beating Old Age.

Old age is inevitable to most of us who lead healthy normal lives—don't let it be a burden either to yourself or those caring for you through lack of adequate provision.

Join a War Savings Society or Victory Club, and invest your savings regularly in War Savings Stamps. You will get back \$5 in 1924 for every \$4.12 which you can invest this month. You can afterwards reinvest your \$5 and make ample provision for your old age.

## HOW A MAN PICKS A WIFE

Some Conclusions That Have Been  
Reached by the Registrar at the  
Boston City Hall.

Edward W. McGlennen, registrar at the Boston city hall since 1900, who keeps record of that city's marriages, has found in his study of the subject of selection that association determines a man's course in the selection of his wife, and when you have chosen your vocation you have automatically chosen your lifemate at the same time, observes the New York Herald. Mr. McGlennen has found that tailors marry tailors, shoemakers choose waitresses, many employees and clerks marry stenographers, while professional men more often pick their wives from the girls in society in which they move.

After eighteen years of daily observation of the way and habits of prospective bachelors, Mr. McGlennen has come to the conclusion that proximity is the chief determining factor in a man's choice of a wife.

In the long and voluminous marriage records the various averages of the different vocations show that chauffeurs and cooks are attracted by domestics, while tailors, dressmakers and milliners incline toward still closer relationship. Salvation Army men choose a Salvation Army lassie, the sea captain picks a good housekeeper and home body, while seamen generally fall in love, when ashore, with waitresses who serve their meals. Mr. McGlennen believes that good looks and good clothes are not such an important factor as generally believed—it is all a matter of environment. The telephone operator is a favorite with the soldier, also the nurse who ministers to him when wounded. Lunch-room proprietors more often marry their cashiers, and so it goes on.

What puzzles Mr. McGlennen, however, is why a mariner chose a dentist's assistant as life mate and how a street car conductor came to pick out an actress for his wife. These are exceptions to the general rule.

## Lied in Attempt to Save Pet.

Determined efforts by ladies of high social position to smuggle pet dogs without license into England were recently described to a representative at the diseases of animals branch of the board of agriculture, London. It takes the combined intelligence of Scotland Yard and the customs officials to out-manoeuvre some dog lovers. Recently, on board a steamer crossing to England, a foreign princess was seated on a deck stool and a wind was blowing. A shrewd observer, whose duty it was to be inquisitive with his eyes, happened to catch sight for a moment of a little dog's snarling tail. On land, the lady, in reply to the usual question, said she had nothing to declare. "No dog, madame?" "Certainly not." "Then," said her questioner, "I must send for the female searcher to have your statement verified." "In that case," said the lady, "if you will allow me a couple of minutes by myself I'll produce my little dog." Which she did.

## Making Themselves at Home.

I called at the offices of the International Y. M. C. A. Hospitality league, says the "Clubman" in Pull Mall Gazette, and heard a delightful tribute to the United States blue-jackets, of whom so many thousands have been in London recently. Quite a number of them were entertained at private houses—free to go when they pleased in the daytime, free to become members of the family when they had tired themselves with sightseeing. I overheard two would-be hostesses talking of their recent guests. "Mine, too, were delightful," one said; "so happy and so perfect in their manner. But, my dear, they had not the least notion of what war means." "How so?" "Well, of course, I didn't grudge them a little trying to one's nerves. Every morning they ate butter with their bacon and left half a spoonful of marmalade on their plates!"

## Use the Mind Properly.

Some people have to be entertained all the time. They must have somebody to put interest into life for them. Hours spent alone are eternities. Wise folks keep quiet about this. Only the rash confess to the world how empty their souls really are. They do it because they have no idea what it all means. There will need to be eternal vanities or some other show to make them at all comfortable. And the hours spent add nothing to their personal growth. It's not what enters the ears that adds to life. That may have little or no meaning. It's what the mind appropriates and remakes within itself that adds to life. And it's the ability to keep the mind constantly employed that makes the hours fly. It's the same ability to use the mind that will fill eternity with pleasure.

## The Sword of Prince Maurice.

The London Evening News tells a pathetic story of a soldier's sword. It had once belonged to Prince Maurice of Battenberg, and it has just been given to his mother, Princess Beatrice. Prince Maurice was killed in the Ypres salient in November, 1914, and buried in our lines. Our forces had just retreated, and all the prince's life fell into the hands of the Germans, except his inscribed sword. This was secreted in the rafters of a Flemish cottage, where the owner had been killed, and for four years it has been lying there, with Germans billeted in the house. Now the poor Belgian family, to whom the place belonged, have sent it to the dead soldier's mother.

## Shaping Steel.

Repeated quenching tends to change the shape of steel. In a recent experiment, a small tank of water was heated by raising to redness a soft-steel cylinder 3.5 inches in diameter, and then plunging it into the water. After 800 quenchings the metal was found to have been shortened three-fourths of an inch, with a corresponding increase in width. The steel contained 0.05 per cent of carbon, 0.01 of silicon, 0.8 of phosphorus, 0.05 of sulphur and 0.45 of manganese.

## New Work for Disabled Soldiers.

A British diamond corporation has established a diamond-cutting factory at Brighton, England, and has arranged for instruction centers in various parts of the country where disabled soldiers can learn how to transform rough diamonds into finished gems. Before the war practically all of the British diamond output, which means practically all of the world's output, was shipped to the continent of Europe to be polished. Proprietors of the new factory already employ several hundred ex-soldiers and claim to have proved that they can do as good work as the men on the continent who have devoted their lives to the diamond-cutting trade—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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## PLAYED HIS GAME

Bolsheviki Easily Fooled by Amer-  
ican Business Man.Revolutionists Unable to See That  
They Were Being Led On When  
All Their Extravagant De-  
mands Were Accorded To.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells a story about how an American business man solved the bolshevik problem in Petrograd, at least as it applied to his affairs. The Columbia university president says he has it directly from the American concerned. Here it is:

An American, head of a large firm in Petrograd, branch of an American business house, was sitting in his office pondering on how he could close up the business and discharge his Russian employees without causing trouble. The revolution had precluded all chance of doing more business.

As he was thinking over this problem the door opened and three of the employees entered.

"We have decided," said the spokesman, "to apply the soviet principle to this business."

"All right," said the manager, "that seems to be the custom here. What do you want me to do?"

"First, we want you to double our wages."

"All right. Everybody would like double wages."

"Then we want a month instead of two weeks' vacation a year."

"That's fine; I myself like a month's vacation."

"And for the month's vacation we want the pay double again."

"Now, I never thought of that. But now that I do it's true that on a vacation it is nice to have a lot of money. We'll do that, too."

"Now that those things are decided we must tell you that we won't need you as manager any more."

"I certainly never thought of that. But I am responsible to the stockholders in the United States. This will never do."

"We thought of that, too—about the stockholders. So we have decided to elect a manager and to have him sit here with you and tell you what to do."

"Now, that will be fine. That's all right. You do that."

So the manager was elected and he occupied a desk next to the American and told him what to do. At the end of the first week the wages were doubled. The soviet manager presented a memorandum to the American manager.

"What's this?" said the American. "This is my bill for my salary as manager," explained the Russian workman.

"No, I can't pay that. You see, I am paid by the stockholders in America. I am elected manager by them. You were elected manager by the workmen here in Petrograd. You must be paid by them."

"Oh, yes?"

The men struck at the order of their soviet manager.

And the American closed up the offices and returned to America.

His problem had been solved without any disorder and with only the loss of an extra week's wages.

## A Good Decoy.

An officer of the medical department was paying his first visit to the front-line trenches. A corporal from Missouri was standing on the fire step engaged in the pleasant pastime of sniping at whatever there was to snipe at. The doctor wandered by an open loophole in the parapet.

"Crack!" came from a German sniper across No Man's Land.

"Whang—ploey!" The bullet came whizzing through the loophole and with a naughty thud splashed mud right on the doctor's new trench coat.

"Bang!" replied the corporal's rifle. Deep silence reigned for ten seconds. Then the doctor picked himself up from his hands and knees and asked: "Did you get him, corporal?"

"No, sir," replied the corporal, "but if you'll just walk by that loophole again I'll sure get him next time."

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## The New W. S. S. Insignia



The above cut of Benjamin Franklin is the new insignia which is being used on all War Savings literature for 1919, taking the place of the torch of Liberty used last year.

The pioneer exponent of thrift and economy, Franklin was the first American to write on the subject of saving as applied to national welfare, and it is most fitting that his picture should be used in this connection.

Whenever you see his portrait, think of thrift—and of Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

INDUSTRIAL FUTURE  
BRIGHT IN FEDERAL  
BOARD'S FIRST REVIEWReturning Prosperity Augurs Well for  
Thrift Stamps.

Indications of a smooth transition from a war to a peace basis; confidence in the industrial future of the country and evidence of little inconvenience in the readjustments of labor are high lights in the national summary of business conditions recently issued by the Federal Reserve Board at Washington.

The report has been found heartening by the Treasury Department officials who are planning now to sell \$2,000,000,000 of War Savings Stamps in 1919.

"In general," says the summary, "the transition from war to the peace basis has thus far proceeded with decided lack of friction. Such slackening of business as has occurred is described as due to conservatism and hesitation, the outcome of the desire of producers to know more of public policies and the probable trend of business. There is some unemployment, but the situation is improving. Taken as a whole, the situation is one of waiting for more settled conditions. From practically all districts comes the prediction that the slow-down will be temporary."

Labor Again Employed.

"Thus far the process of readjusting labor to the new conditions has caused little inconvenience or difficulty. Labor set free in war industries has been steadily absorbed by general business so that the principal effect thus far of the increasing free supply has been merely to relieve a previously existing shortage. There is still an excess demand at many points. Costs have altered but little, and the enhanced expense of living has made employers feel that it is incumbent upon them to maintain wages, so far as practicable, pending distinct revision of prices for necessities."

"In some cases it is reported there is a tendency to a settling down upon a higher level of prices and a higher average of wages than prevailed for some time preceding the war. From the productive standpoint, conditions continue satisfactory in most staple lines. Agriculture, in particular, is reported to be in an exceptionally promising condition."

## Farmers in Fine Shape.

"The farmer is said to be in the best financial shape for many years. In the south he is holding his cotton for better prices and is marketing his output conservatively. Excellent crop prospects are reported, not only from the cotton region, but also from the wheat states of the west and from California. On the Pacific coast the prospects for excellent crops for the coming year are exceedingly bright."

## This Report of the Federal Reserve Board is compiled from twelve reports sent in from the twelve Federal Reserve Districts of the country. These sectional reports are made monthly and are a careful and accurate presentation of the status of business in each district.

## Saving Beats Earning;

Too Bad Esau Didn't  
Live to Enjoy It All

If Esau and Jacob, who lived some six thousand years ago, were still alive, and if Esau had earned \$10 every day, and had saved it all, he would have \$21,900,000. On the other hand, if Jacob had deposited \$1 at 1 per cent interest, compounded every 100 years, he would have today \$576,460,752.303.

Can anyone figure out how much Jacob would have had he purchased one \$5 War Saving Stamp then, which pays interest at the rate of 4 per cent, compounded four times every year?

There is an idea in all this: How much would every child have if its parents would start it out with a \$5 stamp, and then encourage the youngsters to save?

## Backing Up General Sherman.

Flashback—So your wife has gone to the front as a nurse?

Bensonhurst—Yes, she has, and her mother's up at the house while wife's away.

"Oh, her mother's living with you now, is she?"

"Yes, and I begin to realize that what General Sherman said about war is just about right."

## HIS MANHOOD

By OLIVE GROVES.

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She stood at the street crossing and waved to the motorman to stop. Then she boarded the car.

It was a crisp morning, and the sun was just peeping over the horizon like a ball of burnished steel. The street car was already packed, and the motorman was standing with his hand on the crank to let the vehicle go.

"I have picked her up at all hours of the night," he remarked to a passenger beside him on the platform. He was Paul Lacroix, the motorman, young handsome.

The electric car was on a trip toward the business center of a large city, and was uncomfortably filled, as usual at that hour, with stenographers, clerks and a few miscellaneous passengers.

Going down an avenue that paralleled the street upon which the car was running was another young man, handsome and self-opinionated. He was a well-to-do business man, for he spent certain hours in the office of his father, who was a rich business man. He had been looking "over the top" and feeling "high balls" the night before, and being late to work, was racing his little submarine—in common parlance called an automobile—to reach his office on time.

On went the electric car, held in leash by the motorman, who remembered the presence of his lovely passenger. There was no more room for passengers and none disembarked, so the car moved on without further interruption.

The manipulator of the "mundane submarine" turned on more "juice" and speeded up to make up for the time he had wasted upon the high balls that had sparkled in the electric lights, and his nerves were somewhat unsteady.

The street down which the car hurried and the avenue down which the automobile was racing were rapidly converging. Down some distance was a circle upon which stood an equestrian statue, and there the street and avenue became one.

When within a block of this circle the car, in answer to a ring, came to a stop. Pushing her way through the crowded aisle, Miss Blanche Carter, the passenger who had merited the consideration of the motorman, disembarked. Holding tightly to her hand, barked she made her way toward a massive brick structure a block away.

Lacroix did not see who had left the car, for the crowd was too dense. When the signal to go was given he put on full power. Now obvious to all else than reaching his destination on schedule time, he was soon going full speed.

In this age, when all realize that the building in which their work may be blown up by dynamite, the house in which they sleep may be razed by a flying machine, the vessel in which they ride may be destroyed by a submarine, and that they may be killed as they walk along the street by a truck, it is not surprising that many of them are not equal to looking on unmoved at an electric car, controlled by a love-mad motorman, and an automobile handled by a wildcat youngster dashing wildly and rapidly toward each other. And it is not to be wondered at that as the street and avenue came together and car and auto, unaware, were making for the same point at the same identical moment, the occupants of the car, penned as they were, should be excited.

Seeing no chance of avoiding the collision, the young man jumped from his auto. Occupants of the car rushed madly toward the rear. Lacroix turned off the current and put on the brake. He might have let go and run backward to safety, but the manhood in him asserted itself. He might have been selfish in that he thought of the girl who impressed him so much. But he remained steadfastly at his post.

Reaching the large brick structure, which was an infirmary, Miss Carter entered. She had scarcely finished donning her professional suit when she was called upon to assist in dressing a badly wounded young man. It was Paul Lacroix. He had been the only one who had been injured by the collision, and his injuries were serious.

Paul's life hung on a thread for some time, and then a slow recovery followed. But as time sped onward he learned to be dependent upon his nurse and to regard her in another light than that in which he thought of her the day he was injured. At length he began to regret the coming of that day upon which he must leave the hospital.

One day the nurse brought to his bed a bit of sweet turkey and a pot of flowers—her gift. He looked up at her with tears in his eyes, and said:

"I indeed have much to be thankful for, but I want one more gift. Can I have it?" And he reached out his hand and drew her irresistibly toward him.

"Oh, her mother's living with you now, is she?"

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## HOW SAILORS ARE TRAINED

Naval Academy at Annapolis Gives  
Students Most Thorough Prepara-  
tion for Their Life Work.

During the Civil War the Naval academy was moved to Newport, on the historic Constitution, while its former home at Annapolis was used as a base hospital by the army, writes C. H. Foster in Scribner's. On the academy's return to Annapolis, in 1865, Vice Admiral Porter, the superintendent, instituted regular dances, or "hops," and, most important of all his reforms, the honor system, by which a midshipman's word was not to be questioned.

He also encouraged athletics in every way. In the presence of a throng of midshipmen he even boxed with one of them himself and allowed the nose of the vice admiral of the navy to be smartly tapped by his enthusiastic young opponent—to the manifest glee of the assembly and to the shuddering horror of the old navy when it learned of this innovation.

By the end of Porter's superintendency, in 1869, the Naval academy had worked out the system followed to the present day. Since 1851 academic work has not been interrupted by three years at sea. Through drills and summer cruises practical skill and seagoing habits have been acquired without sacrificing progress in the theory and science of the naval profession. During their four years at the academy its graduates have for its potent spell and have afterward won honor for it and themselves. The results achieved challenge comparison with those of any college, and have made a reputation second to none.

The fact remains that when they climbed into the touring car he called her Miss Bordeaux, and when they parted at the end of the journey he called her Florence. One night there was an air of mystery about her.

"Shortly," she said, "you will see me in a new light, Joseph."

"I would not have you different," said Joseph.

"East side of Mount Vernon bridge, about six tomorrow," said Florence.

"Right," said Joseph.

The next morning there was brought to his room a large parcel of novels from the Sun. He groaned, because they meant work, and even the reading of novels is not pleasant if you are paid for it.

He tore his mind away from romance in real life and settled down to romance as it is written, and the very first volume that he picked up was entitled "My Love of Rhyonoe Days," by Florence Bordeaux. This, then, was the new light in which Florence was to appear. He had written a novel and he was to review it.

He wondered if the editor of the Sun would stand an entire column about an unknown genius. Joseph almost regretted that he had discovered three unknown geniuses the week before; it was likely to spoil the market.

He noticed the name of the publishers with regret. Florence would have done better to have consulted him. Then he read the book, and buried his face in his hands, for that novel by Florence Bordeaux was about the most putrid thing in fiction that had polluted his chambers for the last 18 months. It was wrong everywhere; it was wrong all through. There is no worse thing on earth than a bad historical novel, and this was a very bad historical novel.

Here, then, was conflict between love and duty. Duty was scratched and howled in. By the evening he had written a column finding Florence Bordeaux as the greatest genius that the century had yet seen. But his heart was broken. For since he had not been conscientious, he could not live with that stain upon his soul. So he determined to meet Florence on Mount Vernon bridge, take one long last farewell, then send off the review and then leave town and his growing reputation as a literary critic forever.

Florence was a little late for her appointment and looked very pleased with herself.

"Well," he said, "why did you not confide in me? Why did you not tell me you had written a book? Possibly my practiced judgment might—"

"Wait on earth are you talking about? I have not written any book. I shouldn't be so silly."

"Then some one else with your name has."

"Has she? What cheek!" She still laughed at Joseph, somewhat inquiringly. He had an uneasy sense that she was expecting him to say something and that he was not saying it.

"Well," he said, "what did you mean, then, by saying you were going to appear in a new light?"

"If you happen to be blind," she answered rather snappishly, "I can't give you new eyes!"

"Don't be cross, dear. Let's see—it's the same jacket you always wear, and the same skirt."

"Oh, don't bother. I've got my hair done differently, and I've got a new hat. I don't want to talk about it. If you take no interest in my appearance there's no more to be said."